Ordinarily, I, like, whip it out,

 my library card, but cheap books
 by celebrities, instant classics
   of Beltway blowjobs, plus sex

   novels by priests liver my timbre.
      My Other, significant or no--
 depending on the moment--is Tantric

or tantrum. I hide in the spiritual, entirely
 reclusive, speaking only to convenience

        store clerks, who, exalting-
      ly, give two shits
    for nothing.